

MARY HARTMAN

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EPISODE #194

by

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FINAL DRAFT
11/1/76

CAST OF CHARACTERS

MARY	LOUISE LASSER
TOM	GREG MULLAVEY
MARTHA	DODY GOODMAN
GRANDPA	VICTOR KILIAN
MRS. DELOREAN	IRIS KORN
MERLE JEETER	DABNEY COLEMAN
PAT GIMBLE	SUSAN BROWNING
GARTH GIMBLE	MARTIN MULL
DETECTIVE H.V. JOHNSON	RON FEINBERG
C.B. VOICE OF "MIDNIGHT MARVEL"	
ANNIE WYLIE (TIPPYTOES)	GLORIA DeHAVEN
WANDA	MARIAN MERCER

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ACT ONETIPPYTOES' TRAILER - NIGHT

ANNIE IS STANDING, ARMS AKIMBO,
TAPPING HER FOOT, RESTLESS, LOOK-
ING FOR WHAT TO DO NEXT. SHE
DECIDES ON A GLASS OF JUICE.
MARTHA OBSERVES.

MARTHA

Did anybody ever tell you you remind
them of Dale Evans?

ANNIE

Nope. Juice?... No juice?

MARTHA

No juice, thank you. How come you're
in such a snippy mood? It isn't because
of Merle Jeeter getting married, is it?

ANNIE

No.

MARTHA

Good. Because weddings are supposed to
make you feel light and gay.

ANNIE

Right. I'm just a little restless is all.
Ready for the road maybe.

MARTHA

You mean like those truckers out there on the C.B. with their hog-haulers and dragon wagons and flatbeds and bottle-poppers?

ANNIE

No.

MARTHA

Oh. (DEAD END) You know, maybe we should try to get news about H.V.'s hooker bust. I'm a little worried at the thought of Mary out there busting hookers. I mean, H.V. does it for a living, and that's bad enough.

ANNIE

Be my guest. (GESTURES TOWARD C.B.)

MARTHA

(AT C.B.) You mean, "key down"? Like this? (NO ANSWER, SO MARTHA SPEAKS INTO THE MIKE) Breaker? One nine? (TO ANNIE) Is this the right way? I'm so nervous, Annie.

C.B. VX: MIDNIGHT MARVEL

10-4 to you, Nervous Annie. This here's the Midnight Marvel, come on?

MARTHA

Oh, hello Midnight Marvel. Do you know any news of, of um, a pavement princess feeding the Fernwood bears? (TO ANNIE) I've been studying my lingo.

C.B. VX: MIDNIGHT MARVEL

10-4 and yore lucky shore, Nervous Annie.
Buncha smokies just done raided a big
ol' hive a B-girls down at the Crasset
Funeral home.

MARTHA

Oh no! Grandpa!

C.B. VX: MIDNIGHT MARVEL

And hizzonner, none other than Jeeter
our leader was waitin' for 'em when they
made the raid. Jeeter's hard on the
straight and narrow. But whether he's
walkin' it or plowin' it, nobody knows!

MARTHA

But what about Grandpa?

C.B. VX: MIDNIGHT MARVEL

Depends on which room yore Grandpa's in.
The tomb room, or the toom-bah-lay
toom-bah-lay toom-bah-lay toom room!
And we gone!

SFX: CLICK

ANNIE

A cathouse in the mortuary?

MARTHA

Oh, I hope Grandpa is innocent of
operating on his premises! If he's been
collared in a vice raid... it's even
worse than ring around the collar! I
have to go rescue him!

ANNIE

Happy Trails.

MARTHA

(LEAVING, STOPS, TURNS) I almost feel like the Lone Ranger. I'd shout "hi ho, Silver" but my glitter's tarnished.

AND SHE LEAVES. ANNIE SIGHS.

ANNIE

(STARTS GETTING READY FOR BED, MIMICS MARTHA) "Weddings are supposed to make you feel light and gay!" (SHE HEADS FOR HER BEDROOM, SHAKING HER HEAD, BEMUSED) Unless, of course, they involve Merle Jeeter!

AS ANNIE DISAPPEARS, WANDA, IN NEGLIGEE, ENTERS.

WANDA

(LOOKS AROUND) Annie...?

ANNIE

(FROM THE BEDROOM)

... Wanda?

WANDA

Are you still up?

ANNIE

Sure. (SHE RE-ENTERS FROM THE BEDROOM) Hey! Don't you look fine! Everything okay?

WANDA

I couldn't be happier.

ANNIE

You couldn't?

WANDA

Oh, absolutely. Merle just had to go out on a little business.

ANNIE

I see.

WANDA

Public business. I know it sounds a little strange but... well, let me put it this way: If Merle serves the public with anything like the powah and vigah he just served me... ha ha... well, all I can say is, "uncle"!

ANNIE

So you're satisfied with the bridegroom?

WANDA

My dear, I have never been so satisfied.
(A BEAT - SHE GLANCES ABOUT) He's not here, is he?

ANNIE

(KINDLY) No, Wanda -- he's not.

WANDA

I couldn't help wondering... I'm sorry.

ANNIE

Don't apologize -- I'm flattered.

WANDA

(DEJECTED) Where the hell do you think he is, Annie?

ANNIE

Serving the public -- like you just said.
Now why don't you relax and let me give
you a rub?

WANDA

(UNEASY) Just my shoulders -- okay?

ANNIE BEGINS MASSAGING WANDA'S
SHOULDERS, NECK AND FOREHEAD.

ANNIE

Your skin is so tense.

WANDA

It must be all that cold duck we drank.

ANNIE

It's nice touching you, Wanda -- does it
bother you?

WANDA

(HESITANT) I'm trying not to let it.

ANNIE

Good.

WANDA

It's just that this seems like such a
damn strange way to be spending a
wedding night.

ANNIE

(COMFORTINGLY) I know, I know -- but
life is full of quirks.

WANDA

And quirky people.

ANNIE

Yes -- that, too.

A LONGISH EROTIC LOOK BUILDS.
ANNIE TOUCHES WANDA'S FACE.
WANDA FLINCHES A LITTLE.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

But quirky can be good -- unless you
feel guilty about it.

WANDA

I'm not sure I'm feeling guilt -- it may
just be fear. I mean, suppose Merle
comes back?

ANNIE

Oh, I'd never exclude Merle. We'll just
make it a menage a trois?

WANDA

Well, maybe -- but, Annie, don't you
think... people... in the public eye...
should set an example?

ANNIE

We are setting an example, Wanda. A
loving, caring, total example.

AND AS THEY EMBRACE, WE:

FADE OUT.

ACT TWOGIMBLE LIVING ROOM, SAME NIGHT

PAT IS READING BACK HER DRAFT,
WHICH IS STILL IN THE TYPEWRITER.
HER READING IS PASSIONATE.

PAT

They wrapped her nude body in ribbons
and then slowly all eleven men began to
move in on her. Kissing, kissing,
kissing! "Not the kiss off!" She
screamed, wide-eyed with terror. "Not
the kiss-off!!!"

GARTH HAS ENTERED AND IS WATCHING.

GARTH

Hi there, honey bun.

PAT

(WIDE WITH TELLA) Garth!

GARTH

Having a little innocent fun at the old
keyboard?

PAT

Garth! It isn't what it looks like.

GARTH

Ha ha. Looks like trash to me, but what
do I know? I'm just a married man.

(MORE)

GARTH (CONT'D)

You know, Pat, you're a real sweet kid,
did I ever tell you that?

PAT

(A RITUAL) Yes.

GARTH

I did? That's funny. When? When did
I tell you you were a real sweet kid?
I don't remember.

PAT

On our wedding day.

GARTH

That's right! And what a wonderful day
that was. Wasn't that a wonderful day,
cupcakes?

PAT

Oh yes, darling. The car broke and was
dripping...

GARTH

Dripping what, sweetheart?

PAT

Oil.

GARTH

Right! You remember! That was some
terrific day. And you know why? Because
I hardly knew you, that's why. But I
sure do know you now, don't I?

PAT

Yes, you do.

GARTH

What do I know? Tell me.

PAT

That I love you and do the best I can
to...

GARTH

(INTERRUPTING) To what? To go to parties
with men who treat me like...

PAT

It wasn't a party, Garth, really.

GARTH

Oh no? The invitation said, "party", but
what do I know.

PAT

It was a wedding.

GARTH

Oh, well, that's different. And whose
wedding was it, do you remember?

PAT

Merle's.

GARTH

Merle's? You don't mean Merle Jeeter,
do you? You do? Oh! And how did
Merle Jeeter treat me, pussycat?

PAT

Garth, I'm sure he'll hire you back...

GARTH

That's cute. And funny.

(MORE)

GARTH (CONT'D)

All these years and I never realized how cute and funny you could be. I thought I knew all your major qualities. Know which ones I'm talking about?

PAT

Garth...

GARTH

Say them.

SHE HESITATES.

GARTH (CONT'D)

Out loud.

PAT

I have cellulite.

GARTH

Don't use technical terms. English, please.

PAT

I have unsightly bulges.

GARTH

Good! Very good. Go on.

PAT

And my hands are rough and dry. And my coffee tastes like mud. And my hair has no body, and I sometimes have moisture. But only because I'm a woman, Garth, I can't help it.

GARTH

Stick to the basics, kiddo, okay?

PAT

Well, basically, I guess I don't appreciate your perceptions enough... but then you don't appreciate mine either, really.

GARTH

You don't have any perceptions to perceive, kiddo. And as for my perceptions, you think I don't know a bad, dirty oily cup of coffee when I taste one? You think I'm oblivious to roughness, to dryness -- when it touches me?

HE RAISES HIS HAND.

PAT

Garth!! You promised not to...

GARTH

(SCRATCHING HIS HEAD WITH HIS RAISED HAND)
Not to what, Pat? Not to scratch my head, when you won't buy me the right shampoo and stop these flaky flakes, the heartbreak of psoriasis.

HE REACHES OUT TOWARDS HER HEAD.
SHE FLINCHES.

GARTH (CONT'D)

Not to pat you on the head for being so faithful and so trusting that you don't even think I can keep a simple promise?

PAT

I'm sorry, Garth -- but please don't --

GARTH

Sorry? Why be sorry? It's what I deserve, isn't it? A wife who runs off to parties with Merle Jeeter and sneaks home to write a little por-no? Why, what more could a man ask for? It's all I deserve, right?

PAT

No, Garth.

GARTH

You think I deserve more? You think I deserve better?

PAT

Oh, absolutely. Much better!

GARTH

Much better! Me? Deserve better than a clumsy cow who writes porno?

PAT

Garth, I'm sorry! (SCREAMS) Sorry!
Sorry! Sorry! What more can I say?

GARTH

(SO CALM) Don't yell at me, Pat. Get a rapid grip on yourself. And don't ever say you're sorry again. Because that's my line. I'm sorry. Sorry for you! Because you're too dumb and too stupid to perform a few small housewifely chores.

(MORE)

GARTH (CONT'D)

And instead, you have a positive genius
for stumbling and bumbling and simpering
and careening around me in big, thick-
headed circles (SCREAMING) until I'm so
mad I could spit!!

DURING THIS SPEECH, GARTH HAS
PICKED UP THE TYPEWRITER, AND
LIFTED IT INTO THE AIR. ON
"SPIT" HE THROWS IT. O.S. IT
HITS PAT'S WRIST, WHICH SHE
HOLDS.

PAT

Owww! Oh no! (EXAMINING TYPEWRITER)
The return is broken! (REASSURING) But
it's alright. Don't worry. It can be
operated manually.

HOLDING HER WRIST SHE DEMONSTRATES
THE MOTION.

FADE OUT.

ACT THREEPOLICE STATION, SAME NIGHT

H.V. IS ROLLING MRS. DELOREAN'S
FINGERS IN INK, THEN ON THE
APPROPRIATE FORMS.

MRS. DELOREAN

How can you do this to me, H.V.?

JOHNSON

I'm sorry, ma'am. It's procedure.

MRS. DELOREAN

Treating me like a criminal, before I've
been proven guilty!

JOHNSON

I'm sorry, ma'am, but you were in virtual
delictco when apprehended.

MRS. DELOREAN

Even suggesting that my profession is
un-American! Why, I'm going to have
you investigated.

MARY APPROACHES.

MARY

I found a dime.

MRS. DELOREAN

Oh, thank you, dear. Could you call the
ACLU for me? They're listed.

MARY

The ACLU? Right! (STARTS OFF) What should I tell them?

MRS. DELOREAN

That my right to free expression is being violated.

MARY

Oh, right. Free expression. (GOES TO PHONE)

MRS. DELOREAN

(TO H.V.) Now there's somebody you ought to arrest.

JOHNSON

Mary Hartman?

MRS. DELOREAN

She owes seven dollars and twenty-six cents in fines at the library. And I won't even mention the titles she checks out!

MARTHA ENTERS, IN A TIZZY.

MARTHA

H.V. Oh, thank heavens you're alright. Hello, Mrs. Delorean. What are you doing here?

JOHNSON

I'm booking her for hooking, Martha.

MRS. DELOREAN

He's violating every right in the book.

JOHNSON

I warned her of her right to remain silent,
but she won't exercise it.

MARTHA

You mean she's confessed? I think I'm
going to faint yet. Where's Grandpa?
Has he been booked for hooking, too?

MARY

(RETURNING FROM THE PHONE) Ma... Please
don't faint. Grandpa's okay. He's clean.

MARTHA

Oh, thank heavens! (FAINTS)

JOHNSON

Mary -- I have to take this little lady...

MRS. DELOREAN

There is no need for the diminutive form,
Mr. Johnson. (SHE MARCHES OUT PROUDLY)

MARY

(SHOUTING AFTER DELOREAN) The ACLU was
closed for the night - wouldn't you know?
(THEN TO H.V.) I'll look after Mother.

H.V. EXITS WITH MRS. DELOREAN.
MARY BENDS OVER MARTHA.

MARY (CONT'D)

Ma... Ma... this is no way to deal with
crisis -- and it is particularly no way
to deal with no crisis. Which this is.
Meaning no crisis. This is a happy ending.

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)

A very happy and successful arrest of a harmless old woman by a large and very charming police detective, who is ridding an entire community of a public nuisance. And a lot of private nuisances. In the form of infidelity and possible disease. Just thank God nobody in our family was involved. And wake up!

GRANDPA HAS ENTERED, AND STANDS OVER.

MARTHA

(FLUTTERING) Grandpa? Is that you?

GRANDPA

I think so. I'm really not good at answering all these questions. I was questioned out down there in the questioning cubicle.

MARY

They didn't suspect you, did they, Grandpa? I mean, nobody brought up your shady past, did they?

GRANDPA

What past? I'm just glad I resigned.

I'm tired of death.

MERLE AND TOM ENTER ON THE BOISTEROUS SIDE. TOM'S GIGGLING AND MERLE'S GRINNING.

TOM

No... I never heard that one before.

MARY

Tom! Merle! Where were you? We were booking and fainting and -- what's funny?

TOM

Nothing. (LAUGHS) We just went down to the Capri for Merle to do a quick interview, y'know?

MARY

Oh, right! Right! Ma! Merle is the one who found the prostitution ring.

TOM

Yeh -- what a way to come in as Mayor, huh? Isn't that a splash? I mean, how did you figure it out? I forgot to ask.

MERLE

I just got to figuring -- and it came out Big Honey.

MARTHA

Big Honey? The voice on one-nine? That's who that was? Then why was H.V. apprehending poor Mrs. Delorean?

TOM

Because she was Big Honey.

MARTHA

Big Honey? Mrs. Delorean? Oh, it's all too much. (FAINTS)

MARY

It's okay. She likes to faint. It's her way of getting a vacation.

GRANDPA

(TO MERLE) So you just figured it out, huh? No research?

MERLE

Well, campaigning, you do tend to move around a lot, you know.

GRANDPA

Oh, I know about campaigning. I campaigned for Truman once. We beat Dewey, too. I met a lot of nice girls, but who needs 'em. They're only interested in one thing.

TOM

(TO MERLE) So you knew it was Big Honey. But how did you find her -- that's what I don't get.

MERLE

I posed as a trick.

TOM

You mean you... on your wedding night?

MERLE

I posed, Tom... just posed. A little entrapment, that's all.

MARY

Well, congratulations! Let's hear it for Merle!

MARY (CONT'D)

Clean streets, clean funeral homes, clean airwaves, clean libraries, clean books... and clean slates. Erase! Tom, don't ask him any more questions. It really isn't polite to ask a man how he catches prostitutes on his wedding night. Merle... Fernwood thanks you, I thank you and my mother thanks you. New broom, clean sweep.

MERLE

Another one! Mary, that is a gem. (TO TOM) You've got one hellova smart little woman in your corner, Tom. "New broom, clean sweep!" I just love it. (TO MARY, WITH A TWINGE OF INTENSITY) Love it.

MARY

(SHAKING HER MOTHER) Ma. You've fainted enough.

H.V. RETURNS.

MARTHA

Where am I?

JOHNSON

Under my protection, Martha. (PICKS HER UP)

MARTHA

Oh, my goodness! Are you taking me into custody?

JOHNSON

No, dear. Just into the coffee nook.

EXITS.

MARY

Coffee nook?

MERLE

(TO TOM) Did you tell her about your new post?

TOM

Oh, no. (TO MARY) I have a new post.
I'm on the blue board.

MERLE

It's a committee, really. We're going to screen all the potentially offensive films that come to town to determine our community's standards. It's a big crack-down. Tom's the head.

GRANDPA

The Big Crack-down? Sounds like a good film.

MERLE

And Tom's volunteered your home as a screening room. If it's alright with you.

TOM

It's just that it's an opportunity.

GRANDPA

I'll say.

TOM

If it's okay with you?

MERLE

It's to protect minors from the majors.
Major studios, that is. They'll stop at
nothing to get people out of their homes,
away from their wives and children.

MARY

Well then, okay. But on one condition.

TOM

What's that?

MARY

Don't tell Heather. I think she's
developing a very keen interest in films
as art. All R-rated. We don't want to
push her over the brink into X.

MERLE

It's a deal. (TO TOM) Congratulations,
Mr. Chairman!

MARY DOESN'T QUITE FEEL RIGHT.

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE #194